

## LETTER TO A FRIEND WITH A DOMESTIC PROBLEM:

Hello Carl:

don't worry about your wife running away from you  
she just didn't understand you.

I got a flat tire on the freeway today  
and had to change the wheel with these coke-  
heads breezing their Maseratis past my  
ass.

the main thing is to just go about your business  
and keep doing what you have to do, or better --  
what you want to do.

I was in the dentist's office the other day  
and I read this medical journal  
and it said

all you got to do

is to live until the year 2020 a.d. and then  
if you have enough money

when your body dies they can transplant your  
brain into a fleshless body that gives you  
eyesight and movement -- like you can ride a  
bicycle or anything like that and also you  
don't have to bother with urinating or defe-  
cating or eating -- you just get this little  
tank of blood in the top of your head filled  
about once a month -- it's kind of like oil  
to the brain.

and don't worry, there's even sex, they say,  
only it's a little different (haha) you can  
ride her until she begs you to get off!

(she'll only leave you because of too much  
instead of too little.)

that's the fleshless transplant bit.

but there's another alternative: they can  
transplant your brain into a living body  
whose brain has been removed so that there  
will be space for yours.

only the cost for this will be more  
prohibitive

as they will have to locate a body  
a living body somewhere

say like in a madhouse or a prison or  
off the street somewhere -- maybe a kidnap --  
and although these bodies will be better,



more realistic, they won't last as long as the fleshless body which can go on about 500 years before need of replacement. so it's all a matter of choice, what you care for, or what you can afford.

when you get into the living body it isn't going to last as long -- they say about 110 years by 2020 a.d. -- and then you're going to have to find a living body replacement (again) or go for one of the fleshless jobs.

generally, it is inferred in this article I read in my dentist's office, if you're not so rich you go for the fleshless job but if you're still heavy into funds you go for the living-body type all over again. (the living-body types have some advantages as you'll be able to fool most of the street people and also the sex life is more realistic although shorter.)

Carl, I am not giving this thing exactly as it was written but I am transferring all that medical mumbo-jumbo down into something that we can understand. but do you think dentists ought to have crap like this lying around on their tables? anyhow, probably by the time you get this letter your old lady will be back with you.

anyhow, Carl, I kept reading on and this guy went on to say that in both the brain transplants into the living body and into the fleshless body something else would happen to these people who had enough money to do these transfer tricks: the computerized knowledge of the centuries would be fed into the brain -- and any way you wanted to go you could go: you'd be able to paint like Rembrandt or Picasso, conquer like Caesar. you could do all the things those and others like them had done only better. you'd be more brilliant than Einstein -- there would be very little that you could not do and maybe the next body around you could do that.

it gets rather dizzifying about there -- the guy goes on



he's kind of like those guys in their  
Maseratis on coke; he goes on to say  
in his rather technical and hidden language that  
this is not Science Fiction  
this is the opening of a door of horror and wonder  
never wondered of before and he says that the  
Last War of Man will be between the transplanted  
computer-fed rich and of the non-rich who are  
the Many  
who will finally resent being screwed out of  
immortality  
and the rich will want to protect it  
forever  
and  
that  
in the end  
the computer-fed rich will win the last  
War of Man (and  
Woman).

then he goes on to say that the next New  
War will take shape as the  
Immortal fights the Immortal  
and what will follow will be an  
exemplary  
occurrence  
so that Time as we know it  
gives up.

now, that's some shit, isn't it,  
Carl?

I would like to say  
that in the light of all this  
that your wife running away doesn't mean  
much  
but I know it does  
I only thought I'd let you know  
that other things could happen.

meanwhile, things aren't good here  
either.

your buddy,

Hank